

How Butterflies Sleep.

THE butterfly, like the bat, invariably goes to sleep head downward, its eyes looking straight down the stem of the grass on which it rests. It folds its wings to the utmost and thus protects its body from the cold.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF THRILLS AND ADVENTURE

Tom, Pearl and Carslake Fight in the Armory for Possession of the Violet Diamond.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 15.

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WITHOUT observing it, Carslake had dropped the note out of his sleeve in the little reception-room, and there one of the adherents of the High Priestess found it.

The information conveyed in it filled him with profound satisfaction, and he lost no time in reporting the matter to the dark woman.

"To the armory!" she cried, as she mastered the contents of the folded paper. "Make haste lest this Carslake once again outwit us!"

They advanced swiftly and stealthily, with daggers drawn. Meanwhile, Carslake had identified the scimitar in question. Climbing upon a chair, he had lifted it down, to find—as he had hoped—the precious setting.

Both jewel and setting were now in his hands. If he could escape with them and win his way to India—he could be master of the world.

The Thief Fights.

He turned toward the window—to find a woman there—a woman in flowing robes, laughing down from the balcony on a man just below in the garden. They were Pearl and Tom.

Carslake realized the impossibility of leaving the house that way and turned back toward the door. But as he did so, he saw something move in the shadows.

Without an instant's hesitation, he reached out, lifted a Spanish dagger from the wall and threw it.

It struck its mark, pinning one of the luckless Arabs to the wall behind him. He uttered a wild cry, giving the others warning, and attracting Pearl's attention.

She turned to look. As she did so, the Arab leaped for Carslake, who sought to defend himself with the variety of instruments of torture at hand.

They came at him from all sides, but he defended himself valiantly. One fell, stabbed through the breast. Another retreated, with a gasp across his face.

The others adopted his tactics, then, and helped themselves to any missiles their hands chanced to encounter.

Carslake caught up a tabourette and used it as a shield, while he sought desperately to fight his way toward the door.

Pearl, leaning over the balcony rail, gave Tom news of what was passing and together they stormed the window.

Cecily, likewise, had drawn near and was watching the battle breathlessly.

An Odd Duel.

With a broadsword, Carslake managed finally to beat off all of his assailants and to win his way to the door, but there, Tom armed with another broadsword, challenged him.

They began to duel, not according to form, but according to wit and ingenuity and dexterity.

A trained swordsman would have found Carslake no adversary worthy of serious attention, but Tom had no skill and so Carslake's greater strength triumphed.

Bringing his sword down flat upon Tom's shoulder, the other man bore through his guard and knocked him senseless. Then, turning, he dashed for the door.

Pearl, Cecily and several of the Arabs followed him.

In blank astonishment, Pearl's guests stood aside to let them pass. Through the halls and down the steps they went, pell-mell, and out into the garden.

Three or four men appeared as Carslake advanced—and he shouted to them. It developed, then, that they were allies upon whom he had been counting.

The Arabs opened fire, their revolvers shattering the silence of the night—and causing bursts of crimson flame to light the darkness. Carslake's men returned the volley.

Cecily fell, wounded and lay still; but Pearl crept round the bushes, with a revolver that she had come upon in the melee, and taking Carslake's forces unawares, ordered them to throw up their hands.

Having thought themselves victors, they had relaxed their vigilance and were preparing to depart. She had them at a disadvantage—and they knew it. Moreover, her voice rang out so crisply, her eyes gleamed at them so decisively through the gloom, no one among them ventured to oppose her will.

They threw up their hands. "Now," said Pearl, addressing Carslake, "the violet diamond and the setting—quick!"

Carslake reached into his vest pocket and withdrew his fingers. He stretched out his hand toward Pearl as though to hand the diamond over—and before she knew what was happening, he had grabbed her gun.

The others jumped forward before she could so much as cry out, and she was instantly surrounded.

At the very same moment the High Priestess, hurrying toward them, tripped over Cecily's prostrate body and turned it over to see who it was.

A chamois bag on the girl's neck attracted her attention.

She picked it up and opened it—to find the violet diamond safe and snug within.

Carslake had given it to the girl for safe-keeping lest he fall into the hands of Pearl or Tom or the Arabs. He never expected them to come in contact with Cecily.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

The Magazine Page Will Be a Feature of Tomorrow's Sunday Times



Magazine Page



Elaine Hammerstein in "The Co-respondent"

The Oldest University.

THE oldest university in the world is at Peking. Its antiquity is very great, and a grand register, consisting of stone columns, three hundred and twenty in number, is reputed to contain the names of 60,000 graduates.

By NELL BRINKLEY

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WE little people of the world with the unrest for new wonders under our jackets, sit just now with the kaleidoscope—the moving picture marvel—pressed close to our enthusiastic eye, turning it to see its many sides and colors. Sometimes we most think we have seen the last facet and the last gorgeous spectacle of color, and that soon there will be no more sides, and then we shall weary and yawn with a bright eye wide for some other wonder.

Just now I think we have turned away the bright grouping that is made up of plumage and pageant, pomp and power, battle and "sudden death." "Purple Flirt" and "Creeping Footstep"—historical gals with its confusion of hosts where we cannot tell "our side" from the hated enemy sorcery—the powerful story simply told. And it is pretty good to have—after a head weary with actors clothed in "real blue-bird feathers," or fights on dizzy walls and we know these same fighters are afterward tucked away in little white hospital beds for a vacation.

Just now I saw a little tale like this. You will see it soon I expect. It's just the plainest sort of a story, that must make, in all the big houses dark and quiet that see it, some hearts wince; and the hands of mothers who once had a little girl and haven't her any more, and of

girls who have no mothers, go secretly to an aching breast to hold that heart still.

The picture is beautifully taken, the settings perfect—a little old New England house behind its white picket-fence looking out upon the countryside with a mak that says, "I have known joy and sorrow." The landscapes are the soft, gentle ones of hill and road and stream and wood that a thousand women will remember with a sigh when they see the little girl they once were, scouring it over with wild-deer feet. And the story is good, wholesome material, ringing true, homely in spots, wearing the face of tragedy sometimes, smiling through tears, containing all the people that go to make up the wild truths of an every-day life story.

You hold your breath more sharply some minutes than ever you did over a pirate slipping up on a gentleman in black velvet, with his finger on his lip and nervous music shivering along with it. This thrill you know in this plain little story is the real sinking heart you have known in your own rough spots, when some fear hung over you and made you swallow many times with a dry throat and a brave smile.

And the joy you know in it, when the sky is all serene and the Managing Editor stands behind the little lady reporter that he happens to love and can't stop doing it—the brave little person who once was a little country girl in gingham with a peaching, burning ambition and the

precious heritage of a typewriter—even when he can't see her very white and clear through the shadows that seem to wrap her round.

If you've ever known a country girl—ever known a little white house with windows tucked up under the eaves like half-shut, cautious eyes—ever known a wide country road and the dingles and glades and calling water that lay along it—ever known the big city, remote and far from the calling water—ever known a villain who smiles into the eyes of a country girl with mockery behind the smile—ever known a girl changed from the country mouse to the busy little city bee, with a gallant heart that does not know its hardships when it sees them—ever known a big, teeming, hustling newspaper office under the night lights—ever seen a real sporting editor, or a real society woman or the upstanding, unafraid person who goes by the name of the Managing Editor of the "Sheet"—then you will find these things and these live, real, smiling, fighting people here, in "The Co-respondent," when Elaine Hammerstein, Wilfred Lucas, Winifred Harris, Charles Smith, Josephine Morse and that big, smiling blond giant without a name and with so perfect a drawing of a newspaper man—when these play the roles.

Oh—and I forgot just to say—that there's the most complete and satisfying fight in it—the most delectable fight in it you can ever hope to see again.—NELL BRINKLEY.

In Our Wonderful World

The Patch on the Pool.

IN the hot sun upon the surface of the stagnant pool a patch of dust, it would seem, had collected. A fat, whirling beetle, impetuous and retentive, came dying in a terrific hurry and flutter to the water. He hit the patch of dust square in the center.

It went mad, that patch of dust. It flew to bits. It got up and hopped in a hundred directions in the hundredth of a second. It vanished. It went out, was not any more, and instead became a flying cloud of insects, not flying, but hopping.

They looked like shrimps, but spring-tails was their name. Each one jumped on his own hook, each one springing for his own safety. At least, each on his own, except two. These two were hopping hand in hand. One, apparently, was leading the other.

After a bit, when the whirling beetle had whirled into the jaws of an eel, the spring-tails began to settle down again; began to collect into a patch of dust once more, and the pair who had been going about hand in hand parted to feed.

Suddenly a water scorpion appeared. He had been an unnoticeable dead leaf before he moved, and made a thrusting grab with his toothed, penknife-like front arms, leaping at one of the spring-tails, and, missing, dashed on at another.

That other was one of the pair who had gone hand in hand, and it—she—did not move. And then it was that her old companion dashed at her, seized her by the hand, and leapt with her into

space. He, her partner, had saved her life. The pincer-like front legs of the horrible water scorpion broke the surface film only one-sixtieth of a second behind her, and—she missed. He was too late.

When danger had passed the spring-tails became a patch of dust once more on the surface of the pool.

Pampering Germs.

MILLIONS of the allied soldiers in France have been inoculated against typhoid fever since the war began.

In order to prepare the lymph which is used for the purpose of rendering them immune to this deadly disease, perfectly pure cultivations of the typhoid bacillus have to be made.

These are obtained by artificially breeding the microbes in Government-controlled laboratories. The deadly germs are kept in little glass tubes, carefully sterilized, and are fed with agar jelly, an exceedingly expensive substance which comes all the way from Japan, where it is prepared from a particular species of seaweed.

Nothing can exceed the care and attention that is lavished on these loathsome little organisms about the scientists in charge of them.

The typhoid microbe is not a very little fellow as microbes go. There are others far smaller. Nevertheless, if a pin-head were a hollow capsule, it would hold four hundred typhoid bacilli, a colony of living organisms about equal in point of numbers to the combined population of the United States of America, Russia, France, Germany, Italy and the United Kingdom.

DRACULA, or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

PART ONE.—(Continued.)

"WHEN the chaplain and the sisters had left me alone with husband—oh, Lucy, it is the first time I have been alone with my husband, I took the book from under his pillow, and wrapped it up in white paper, and tied it with a little bit of pale blue ribbon which was round my neck, and sealed it over the knot with sealing wax, and for my seal I used my wedding ring.

"Then I kissed it and showed it to my husband, and told him that I would keep it so, and then it would be an outward and visible sign for us all our lives that we trusted each other; that I would never open it unless it were for his own dear sake or for the sake of some stern duty.

"Then he took my hand in his, and oh, Lucy, it was the first time he took his wife's hands, and said that it was the dearest thing in all the wide world, and that he would go through all the past again to win it, if need be. The poor dear meant to have said a part of the past; but he cannot think of time yet, and I shall not wonder if at first he mixes up not only the month, but the year.

"Well, my dear, what could I say? I could only tell him that I was the happiest woman in all the wide world, and that I had nothing to give him except myself, my life, and my trust, and that with these went my love and duty for all the days of my life. And, my dear, when he kissed me, and drew me to him with his poor weak hands, it was like a very solemn pledge between us.

"Lucy, dear, do you not know why I tell you all this? It is not only because it is sweet to me, but because you have been, and are, very dear to me. It was my privilege to be your

friend and guide when you came from the schoolroom to prepare for the world of life. I want you to see now, and with the eyes of a very happy wife, whither duty has led me; so that in your own married life you, too, may be as happy as I am.

"My dear, please Almighty God, your life may be all it promises: a long day of sunshine, with no hard wind, no forgetting duty, no distrust. I must not wish you no pain, for that can never be; but I do hope you will be always as happy as I am now. Good-by, my dear. I shall post this at once, and, perhaps, write you very soon again. I must stop, for Jonathan is waiting—I must attend to my husband! Your ever loving

"MINA HARKER."

Letter, Lucy Western to Mina Harker. "Whitby, 30 August.

"My dear Mina: "Oceans of love and millions of kisses, and may you soon be in your own home with your husband. I wish you could be coming home soon enough to stay with us here. The strong air would soon restore Jonathan; it has quite restored me. I have an appetite like a voracious, am full of life, and sleep well. You will be glad to know that I have quite given up walking in my sleep. I think I have not stirred out of my bed for a week, that is when I come get into it at night. Arthur says I am getting fat. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Arthur is here.

"We have such walks and drives, and rides, and rowing, and tennis, and fishing together, and I love him more than ever. He tells me that he loves me more, but I doubt that, for at first he told me that he couldn't love me more than he did then. But this is nonsense. There

he is, calling me. So no more just at present from your loving

"LUCY. "P. S.—Mother sends her love. She seems better, poor dear. "P. P. S.—We are to be married on 28 September."

Dr. Seward's Diary. 29 August.—The case of Renfield grows even more interesting. He has now so far quieted that there are now signs of cessation from his passion. For the first week after his attack he was perpetually violent. Then one night, just as the moon rose, he grew quiet, and kept murmuring to himself: "Now I can wait, now I can wait."

The attendant came to tell me, so I ran down at once to have a look at him. He was still in the strait waistcoat and in the padded room, but the sufficed look had gone from his face, and his eyes had something of their old pleading—I might almost say, "cringing"—softness. I was satisfied with his present condition, and directed him to be relieved.

The attendants hesitated, but finally carried out my wishes without protest. It was a strange thing that the patient had humor enough to see their distrust, for, coming close to me, he said in a whisper, all the while looking furtively at them: "They think I could hurt you! Fancy me hurting you! The fools!"

It was soothing, somehow, to the feelings to find myself dissociated even in the mind of this poor madman from the others, but all the same I do not follow his thought. Am I to take it that I have any feelings in common with him, so that we are, as it were, to stand together, or has he to gain from me some good so stupendous that my well-being is needful to him? I must

find out later on. Tonight he will not speak.

RENFIELD HAS RECURRENCE OF VIOLENT MOOD. Even the offer of a kitten or even a full-grown cat will not tempt him. He will only say: "I don't take any stock in cats. I have more to think of now, and I can wait; I can wait."

After awhile I left him. The attendant tells me that he was quiet until just before dawn, and that then he began to get uneasy and at length violent, until at last he felt into a paroxysm which exhausted him so that he swooned into a sort of coma.

Three nights has the same thing happened—violent all day then quiet from moonrise to sunrise. I wish I could get some clue to the cause. It would almost seem as if there was some influence which came and went. Happy thought! We shall tonight play some wits against mad ones. He escaped before without our help; tonight he shall escape with it. We shall give him a chance, and have the men ready to follow in case they are required.

23 August.—The unexpected always happens. How well Dr. Seward knew life. Our bird when he found the cage open would not fly, so all our subtle arrangements were for naught. At any rate, we have proved one thing, that the spells of quietness last a reasonable time. We shall in future be able to ease his bonds for a few hours each day.

I have given orders to the night attendant merely to shut him in the padded room, when once he is quiet, until an hour before sunrise. The poor soul's body will enjoy the relief even if his mind cannot appreciate it. Hark! The unexpected again! I am called; the patient has once more escaped.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyrighted)

All Star Recipes

The following recipes have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and are republished here by special arrangement with that publication, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine:

All measurements are level, standard half-pint measuring cups, tablespoons and teaspoons being used. Sixteen level tablespoons equal a half-pint. Quantities are sufficient for six persons unless otherwise stated. Flour is sifted once before measuring.

Curried Chicken, Indian Style.

One tender chicken (3 pounds), 6 small onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 pound butter or any good shortening, 1 to 2 teaspoonsful curry powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 cupful cream or rich milk, either sweet or sour; ½ cupful shredded coconut.

Chop the onions and garlic very fine and mix them with the curry powder and salt. Fry the chicken in the fat and when half done add the curried onions; let all fry together (cover the frying pan) till the meat is tender. Add the cream and the coconut and let all cook together slowly. When quite done the butter will separate from the thicker part of the gravy. Serve with boiled rice.

Rice Apples.

One cupful rice, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 quarts boiling water, 4 to 6 tablespoonfuls jam, 6 medium sized apples.

Boil the rice in the boiling salted water until tender; drain and save the water for use in soups. Pare the apples and remove the cores. Fill

the centres of the apples with any favorite jam. Cut six pieces of cheesecloth, about twelve inches square. In the centre place a heaping tablespoonful of rice; on this place the apple. Place rice around and on top of the apple. Then bring the corners of the cloth together and tie firmly. The rice should coat the apple thickly. Drop into boiling water and cook until the apples are soft. This is a splendid dessert for children, one with a glass of milk and a piece of toast furnishing an abundant supper for a small child.

Self-Sufficient Clam Chowder

Twenty-five clams, chopped, clam liquor, small pinch leaf thyme, few sprigs parsley chopped, few chives chopped, 1 cupful diced potatoes, 1 grated carrot, ½ green pepper, cut fine; 1 stalk celery, cut fine; ¼ minced onion, 4 ounces bacon, 1 small can concentrated tomato soup, ½ can corn, 1 cupful any left-over vegetable or rice—½ pound cabbage chopped.

Put the liquor drained from the clams in a large kettle, adding all but the clams and the last three items in the order given. The bacon should be cut fine and fried with the onion. Boil slowly two to three hours; add boiling water if needed to thin it. Twenty minutes before serving add the chopped clams, corn, tomato soup, and leftover vegetable. The chowder should be thick when finished.